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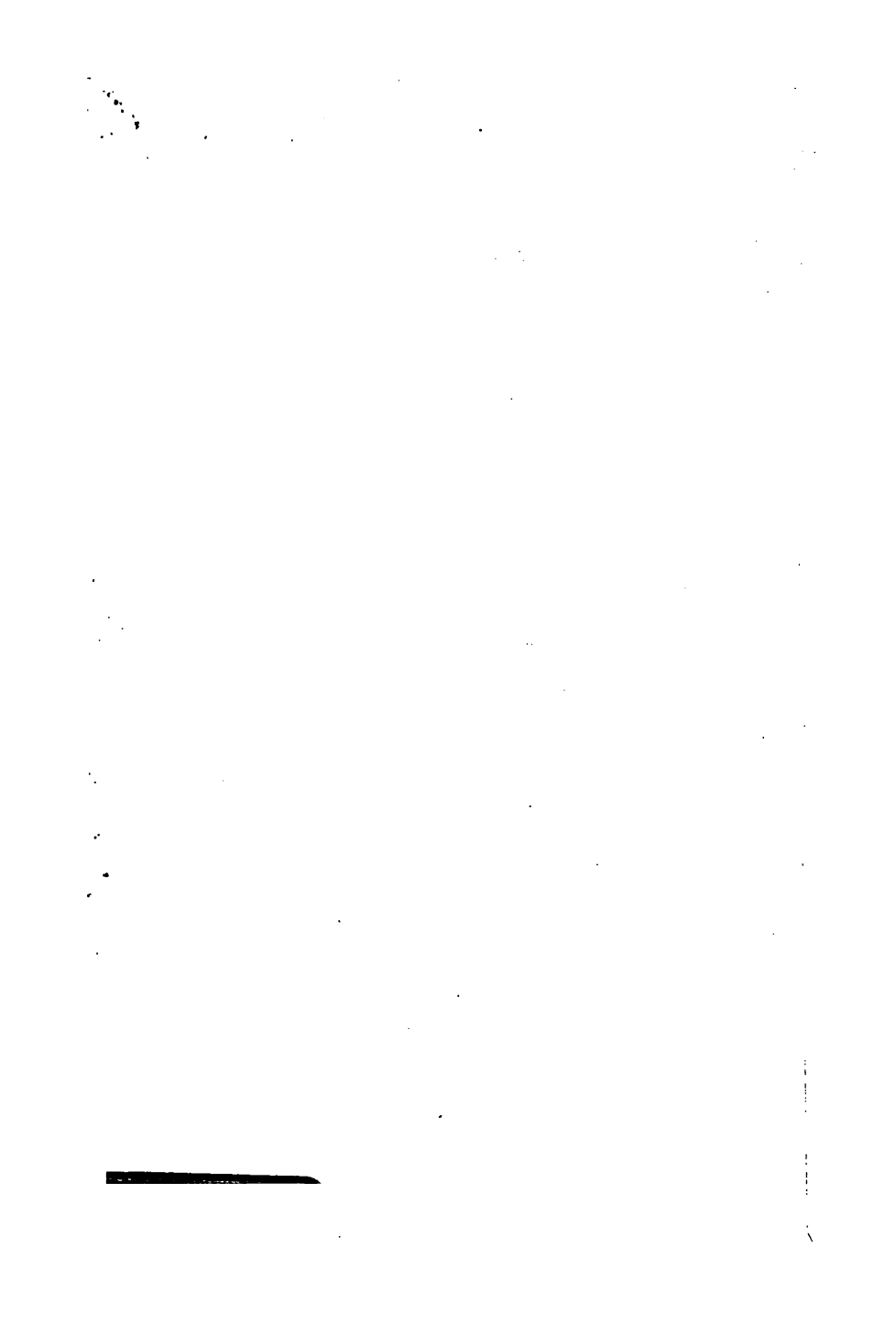
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THINK TO MYSELF CHAPTERS

BY

ESTHER STARR



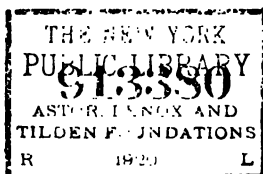
BOSTON

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MADE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Y. E. A. L.
613.380
613.380

DEAR FRIENDS:—

Once upon a time I came across some little paper-covered books, the lectures of Judge T. Troward, of India.

Since then, he has gone on into some other world. But what his teachings have meant to me I don't know how to tell. They made me happy when I was miserable. They gave me back an interest in life when I was bored and desperate. They are still as full of magic as a Gypsy fortune-teller, . . . and the best of it is that their magic is real. I wish everybody in the world could read Troward's books.

But everybody can't, I know, . . . and anyway, Good doesn't travel to every door by the same road.

Besides, we are all so busy, or there's so much going on, that there aren't hours enough apiece for us, the longest day of the year.

All the same, I believe it's a fact that the gayest and the tireddest of the crowd have within them

"A wish that they hardly dare to own
For something better than they have known,"

and find that "something" fascinating, . .
. . . *when there's time to think.*

Now here's a remarkable thing:

Whatever you think of earnestly the last thing at night, your "inner mind" will go on thinking about, *for you*, while you are asleep. And that which you think in your sleep has a *great deal* to do with what you are and do while you are awake.

Judge Troward taught this, other scientific men and teachers say so too, and it's true; you try it and see.

These "Chapters" bound together book-fashion are some of my own bed-time thoughts put into words.

I'm hoping that you will like to keep a little copy on your candle-stand, where you can take a peep into it just before you shut your eyes.

Printed words sometimes make it easier for me to think to Myself. Maybe you'll find it so, too. *Esther Starr* isn't anything but the name I go by. Wherever you come

across it, *just put your own name in its place*, and I think you'll see what I mean.

Another wonderful thing:

A number of people thinking together, so they tell us, are sure to form a "Thought-atmosphere" which may be either a depressing, paralyzing fog, or a kind of joy force which will thrill through their veins like a tonic.

We have all been unconsciously precipitating fogs long enough. Why not try to think a little more ozone into the world?

It is part of the mission of these Chapters to help us think together as we shall choose, and not hap-hazard.

Couldn't we make the experiment? I believe we shall find that . . . "*it's worth the candle!*"

Yours expectantly,

Esther Starr

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THINK TO MYSELF CHAPTERS

THINK TO MYSELF CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I

ABOUT MYSELF

OF course this is the subject nearest my heart!

I have always disliked egotistical people and been repelled by them. Certainly I don't want to join their ranks.

Yet . . . in my inmost heart *I* am the most interesting person I know. "The centre of my own world," as I read somewhere. That being the case, seems to me there is excuse enough for egotism, if I must call it that.

Besides, I've made the discovery lately that many of the great men and women think much about themselves.

Tennyson used to repeat his own name over and over, trying to realize who and what he was. Browning and Emerson and George Eliot in their books are all self-conscious. Walt Whitman said "I sing Myself" and wrote a long poem under that title.

So I'm thinking in good company when I direct my ponderings to the "Life and Times" of Esther Starr!

Who and what *am* I, then, and is all this *living* business worth while? For it isn't the easiest thing in the world to live.

Nobody but *you*, Myself, knows how often such questions attack me at bed-time. I believe they lie in wait for me all day.

I've actually dreaded them as I would burglars; but now at last I do believe I've got an answer!

It's in that old couplet which goes roaming about somewhere in the back of my head:—

"How did it all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew."

That's it,—a key to the whole puzzle for me.

God thought about me. I didn't just happen. I'm not a mistake. And so I needn't be a nonentity or a failure. As Emerson says, my "work is dear to God," and I'm

valuable to Him too, for there's only one of me in the universe.

That's one of the most amazing things about it.

God thought me into life, and then never used *that* pattern again! No one can ever be my duplicate. In the great, beautiful mosaic He has designed I belong and fit in exactly. If I should fall out of place it would be a dead loss to Him.

Yes, . . . it *is* an old idea, to be sure, but if it's really true it's about the biggest truth there is.

It is growing late, . . . I am drowsy, . . . more about this tomorrow night. But I'm so glad of this one idea,—my work,—what I do and am, is dear to God.

"Dear to God!" Keep that in your mind, Myself, while I am asleep.

CHAPTER II

MORE ABOUT MYSELF

ALL that about the mosaic, and my personal connection with the scheme of things, has been hanging about me all day. It means so much, one way or the other. So much to everybody, I mean, not simply to me. There's a general importance to it, like the high cost of living.

Life, as it goes on week after week, is quite uninteresting sometimes, it is such an everlasting round; then again, in war-times, for instance, it becomes so "hectic" and utterly demoralized, that rather than a mosaic, it's like pieces of glass flying about in a kaleidoscope.

Can it be that the individual life, . . . mine, say, . . . really counts for anything in the present mixed-up world?

I believe it does. It must! Thinkers here and there and everywhere are beginning to wake up and find it out.

We learned fast in those awful days of the World War.

God thought of us in the first place, . . .
. . . yes, that's where we came from, but there's something more to it than that.

He *keeps on* thinking about us. If He didn't, we would just stop being. Judge Troward explains that fact in a wonderful way.

He keeps on thinking about us, and He never forgets.

But it is our Real Self that he has in mind, of course, . . . our Best, our Ideal, the big I, . . . not the little i.

If I could only get a clear mental photograph of *that*, instead of uncertain blurred snap shots!

"Far on, above me, stands Myself, ideal,
What I might be;
And ever, eager, I am reaching on
To that I see."

"Far on?" I don't like to think that either. Nothing is far from us in reality, and

Troward says an ideal can only be formed in the present.

It is *all of you*, Esther Starr, as you are now, your everyday, outward self, and your inward, mysterious Self, combined, that is safe forever in God's thought.

Sooner or later whatever He keeps there is bound to come true.

There are things ahead for us, . . .
"divine things more beautiful than words can tell." "The best is yet to be."

I'm going to believe all that, tuck it away in a cubbyhole of memory, shut my eyes, and go to sleep in peace.

CHAPTER III

ABOUT HAPPINESS

I WONDER if I'm the most selfish person in the world!

Plenty of people around me seem willing to stop at being "resigned," passive to circumstances, or at most, contented. Perhaps it's a matter of courage, but at any rate they ask nothing, imagine nothing more.

But *I* shall never be satisfied until I am *happy*. And something tells me that I am on the right trail.

"Happiness is harmony" Troward says;—and I don't know any better way to think of it. A harmonious world, for instance, would be a vast improvement upon the one we've got,—and I don't know but it would be heaven enough to start with.

Harmony! Not simply a beatific state, all dreams and clouds and pastel colors, but . . . the correspondence of what is with what I'm always wanting and longing

for; a condition of things that responds, and measures up to all which means life to *me*. Have I any business to indulge in bed-time thoughts about that?

I'm listening, Myself: have you anything to say?

What's that? Well really, how queer to have that old Shorter Catechism question, of all things, pop into my head!

"What is man's chief end?"

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever."

"Enjoy Him forever," . . . that means everlasting enjoyment of some kind or other; and since I studied those little books I can never forget that "God" and "Good" mean the same thing.

So, . . . why of course! Everlasting enjoyment of good is another way of spelling happiness; and the catechism itself says *that* is man's chief end!

(Truth is often a good deal bigger than the ones who speak it.)

The very thing I have been troubling my head about, . . . the *rightness* of want-

ing to be happy;—of making happiness, as it were, the first prize in the game of life.

I'll listen again, and see if I hear anything more:—

Ah, yes, I'm remembering now.

There was Somebody who came to earth once and stayed here thirty-three years, just to make happiness sure for himself and other folks.

"Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross" and everything else that went with it.

It was for the sake of joy that He came, then, not because it was god-like to suffer.

Not just His own joy, either, . . . He could have had that without coming at all. It was everybody's joy that He was looking out for.

That's why it couldn't make Him selfish. It gave Him something big to work and suffer for. He went about doing good and manufacturing happiness for the whole world.

And here it is at last:—

Since it was right for Him to bend all His

energies to that, it's right for me and everybody else to do the same thing. What plainer truth than that could there be?

The next thing to wonder about is my own individual, actual happiness,—where that is coming in. There's plenty of raw material, . . . a big stock of Good in the world to work on. But how to dig it out for myself and see it really mine!

That's another story, and it will have to be thought out another time. I've had enough for tonight. But this much I've arrived at, and I'm *so glad!* . . .

It is noble and right to hunt for Happiness.

Happiness and Good are the same thing.

There is plenty of it within reach for everybody.

God wants me to have just as much of it as I can hold.

And I *think I'm sure* that He'll show me where and how to find it.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT PEOPLE

AT last! Positively, I am glad to be alone with a little candle that only shines but can't talk!

I've seen so many people today,—and *such* people! That crowd in the electrics and in the shops! The faces and figures, the manners, colors, styles,—especially of the women! No wonder I was fairly limp before I met Marian with her car, and got out to the golf links.

Then, people again, only different . . . the high-brows. Pretence and snobbery and jealousy. . . .

Sh'h! Silence! Oh dear, dear! This new kind of thinking isn't so simple as it sounds. The three monkeys who are bound to "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil," have my high respect and best wishes. I trust they'll have strength to live up to it.

Thinking only good is certainly thinking up hill.

However, there's plenty to be said in the affirmative on this subject, as nobody knows better than I do.

For as a matter of fact I *love* people, couldn't live without them, . . . and solitude has no charms for me.

Solitary confinement is the worst thing that can happen to criminals, they say, and even Robinson Crusoe on the desert island, strong-minded as he was, went into transports of joy when he found his black man Friday.

There never was a soul who read that old story, I believe, who didn't sympathize with Robinson and know how he felt.

"Everybody's lonesome!" We just *have* to have people around us, to enjoy living. That's because we are People, ourselves.

Yes, one of the people; that's all you are, Myself, and you needn't feel so set apart from the rest of the world. You're a single unit in a countless aggregate, . . . every one of them just as important as you are.

It's good medicine to take *that* fact in, once in a while.

And when we complain to ourselves about

the queer people of society whose ideas have got warped out of shape, we shouldn't forget that as old Mrs. Putnam says, . . .

"We're *all* somehow!"

All one, at our lowest terms, we are, made from God's thought and living out His thought in separate ways.

When I realize this, People seem to me absolutely fascinating, and I can understand the meaning of that one who said "A new person is to me a great event, and hinders me from sleep."

No wonder, if as Troward says each human being is a Microcosm, or "little world." It's a wonderful thing to discover a world.

And then, about likes and dislikes:—

Seems to me that coming into acquaintance with people we meet is like travelling in foreign lands; you see the things you are looking for.

There are *two people* in every man, woman and child, just as there are in you, Esther Starr. Everything depends on which one you see first and recognize, and whether you are looking with friendliness or with sus-

picion.

It has dawned upon me lately that there isn't anybody living that it isn't worth while to know.

You'll find every single person a chance for either getting or giving something good, and one will do as much for you as the other.

Oh yes indeed, I *am* thankful that I'm not the lone inhabitant of an empty planet. The great, shining "Lights" that I meet occasionally, or admire from afar,—I'm grateful enough for these; . . . they give me a standard to keep us to.

But I'm gladder for the busy, eager, loving folks that are close by, ready to help and be helped.

Please the Lord, I'm going to make personal friends of all these hereafter, just as fast and as fully as I can.

Strange,. . . but just to think of people this way makes my heart warm and happy.

Too many of my impulses are like the dissolving fade-outs at the Movies. This one shan't fade away if I can help it.

"So shall I join the choir invisible." . . .
I know I shall sleep well tonight.

CHAPTER V

ABOUT NEW THINGS

PERHAPS it's the Spring getting into my blood that makes me so jubilant, . . . almost excited, tonight.

The country was perfectly heavenly when we took our spin this afternoon. All I could think of was . . .

"Sweet fields stand dressed in living green," and that little poem I found, . . .

"Skies of passionate, throbbing blue,
A dreamy shimmer in all the air,
Robins twittering here and there,
And fullness of happiness everywhere,
Happiness strange and new;
For this is the sweetest time of the year,
When winter is past, and summer is near!"

"Strange and new,"—that's it. It's the *newness* of things that I feel so. The little baby leaves, the delicate grass and fresh-smelling earth, all just getting started for

another year. It's like rubbing all the old mixed up work and mistakes off the slate, and trying again.

There's nothing I would rather think to Myself about than New Things.

For I'm fairly "obsessed" as college folks say, with a liking for new forms and fashions, new ideas, new things to have and new things to do.

I'm not the only one, either; so are a great many others who aren't frank enough to admit it.

Oh well,—what of it? There are plenty of folks left in the world who will listen to nothing but that which is old and conventional and highly authorized and dry-as-dust. The word "New" looks to them like a danger flag. What we call "Religion," they think, is all against it.

But that is where they are mistaken, I honestly believe.

At any rate, I know now that the Bible is fairly teeming with teachings and object-lessons about New Things. I'm so glad Troward got me started looking them up.

Wish I could remember them! Here's
a pencil, let me see:—there's the

New heaven, and the

New earth, and

New wine, in

New bottles, and a

New man, (nothing about a New
Woman), and a

New song, and a

New name, and the

New Testament, and the

New Jerusalem, and

New-ness of life, and "Behold, I
make *all things*

New!"

Isn't this a remarkable list, Esther Starr,
and doesn't thinking about it take you out
into an utterly new world?

Troward says that what we call new things
are only new to *us*. "Relatively" new, I
think he says. We just wake up to them by
degrees.

Same way with the inventions,—X-ray,
wireless, aviation and so forth; in reality
they've always been here. I suppose Jesus

Christ knew all about them, for He used bigger forces still.

But Queen Elizabeth used nothing in the light line, that I know of, but candles, like mine here, though electricity was all around her. And it's the same with us, no doubt. No human being knows what further wonders are waiting for us in the air!

No, . . . nobody knows! and sometimes all this comes pretty near making me homesick for the old things, after all. There's a lot that I'd hate to lose.

It must be that what's *true*, old and new, is all one, and belongs together. Only the old false and half-way-true things will drop out because we are through with them.

"All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall."

Well, how much of this stupendous Newness can I take in, myself, as it comes along? That's the main question as far as I am concerned.

I've been blind and deaf I know, thous-

ands of times when some others saw and heard. Even now, my eyes are closing, . . . out goes my candle.

But please, Myself, think it all out, and . . . remind me tomorrow morning. *Don't let me miss* any of the new Good that comes, any time or anywhere in the whole wide world!

CHAPTER VI

ABOUT MONEY

THAT story of Mrs. Porter's is a good one in itself, and it would be read anyway. But she did hit on a fortunate title.

"Oh, Money, Money!" And the bursting money-bag on the front page of the jacket! It was all she had to do to make her book a "best seller."

Why *is* it that the whole world, myself included, is utterly bewitched on the subject of money, no matter how or where it is presented?

Well, . . . because!

Money means about everything desirable in life. It "has the say" over everything else. And it has the power, too. It's like an enchanted wand in the hands of a magician.

Isn't that true, Myself? Doesn't it stand for home and society and clothes and books and travel and good times generally, and, very often, for friends and lovers?

No use to deny it,—the "moneyed air" is

often more attractive than a perfect complexion or beautiful eyes, and a real mole-skin coat will cover a multitude of sins.

This may seem cynical, but it's so.

More than this, money means position and influence and freedom to express your feelings and generally do as you please. It is a passport to the Happy Land.

While the *lack* of money, . . . ah well, that is an iron chain which cruel demons bind around their victim before they throw him out into outer darkness!

There is awful misery in this world, Esther, and more than half of it, I'm certain, is the misery of being poor.

Take those wretched scrub-women in the slums which I saw once, pale and haggard, with a lot of little children; or scattered rickety shacks of homes, which I've read about, out on the prairies in the cold; or the thin little cash and bundle girls of the cities, with mothers to support and wages that wouldn't keep me in shoes and camisoles;

But there I go again!

It certainly is getting foggy fast around here. You patient, steady candle, I'm sure I beg your pardon. There is really enough to think about on the other side.

To begin with, the Wise Ones tell us that *money*, after all, is only a *symbol* of wealth, and of the limitless world-riches that exist, enough for everybody.

The earth, and the planets too, for all I know, are packed full of silver and gold and copper mines; diamonds lie around in riverbeds and pebbly banks; then there is cotton and lumber and wheat and leather and salt and—who knows what other forms of riches which have been stored carefully away for us-people! There is enough and to spare in the universe for everybody that ever was born.

Yet here are we, worrying our heads and aching our hearts over coins and bills and bank-notes which a part of earth's inhabitants have got together, and which are just *symbols* of the real thing.

Much good it does some of them, too!
There are plenty of men and women who

have accidentally acquired piles of money, but who are absolutely shrivelled up with anxieties and fears. They might as well live in Poverty Row.

What they have missed, and what we all covet, is the *rich feeling*, the sense of being prosperous and provided for and able to respond to every delight which life can hold out to us.

Isn't that true, Esther Starr, my dear?

You know that's what *you* want. Listen then please, and tell this secret to yourself:—

I can have *all this* in reality and truth. I can have the sense and the feeling and the delight;—the dollar bills and the gold and the silver will follow after.

For in the "Great Within" where I live, everything works backward. All I can possibly need or want is already there in substance, waiting to be found and brought out into the outside world.

This is the thing to actually believe, and realize as a priceless discovery.

But it is getting late. I can only dream on it after I have put it back among my mind-

treasures for safe keeping.

Sometime I'll bring it out again and think
it through.

Goodnight, little light that never fails,—
goodnight!

CHAPTER VII

MORE ABOUT MONEY

LAST night I was positively disappointed when I had to give up and put out my light.

What a strange and baffling enigma *sleep* is, anyway! "Tired Nature's sweet restorer," . . . no doubt of that, but how it does the restoring, and where, what mortal can tell?

To think of the thousands, even in my part of the world, all unconscious at once! There's a helplessness about it that makes us dependent for the time being like little children.

Perhaps that's why a certain line strikes me as one of the loveliest in the Bible:

"He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

But I was thinking about Money. Where was I?

Oh yes, . . . that was it; riches in the "Within," where everything begins.

Judge Troward says, as nearly as I can remember, . . .

"Think of all Good as *yours now*, and of yourself as heir, rich and happy and at peace. Enter into the spirit of the thing until it is real. Dollars and silver and gold will be *added* unto you."

(This is called Mental Science, I believe, but there is something in it, to me, that sounds exactly like the teaching of Jesus.)

Well, on the ground that thought and feeling are creative this is quite logical, and reasonable, staggering though it may be. And *this*, in my own language and terms, is what it amounts to:—

I live in the Kingdom of Good, which has its royal palace *within*, but which extends outward into the everyday world.

The King who reigns here is my Father, and I am therefore a Princess of the Realm. All that He has is mine, and all things work together, everywhere and always, for my good.

A Princess! That's certainly a pleasing solution and "way out" for a person like me!

For there is such a never-ending turmoil over dollars and dimes, and the business world has such wild and brutal ways, that I can hope to gain nothing but hard knocks in the scramble.

Wouldn't it be a relief and joy to let go of the worry and struggle and contriving, and just live serenely and confidently as "The King's Daughter, all glorious within!"

I know there's such a verse somewhere. Her clothing is purple and fine linen. *Within*, that is; and without, she is a princess in disguise, conscious that she is bound sooner or later to come to her own.

It all sounds rather like the tales of Aladdin or the Arabian Nights.

And yet, there is an increasing number now-a-days of those who think that they have found a hidden way to earthly success and prosperity, and that it lies along the line of spiritual things.

They express this often in new and what they call scientific terms; but as I said, I understand the old-fashioned ones best, and they almost always turn out to mean the same

thing.

And tell me, Myself, . . . if I dare believe it, . . . why isn't this a part of the Happiness which it is right for me to have, and which that Somebody came to give me?

"Who, though *He was rich*, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through his poverty *might be rich*."

True? I know it must be true! It was just like Him, so fine, and strong, and big-hearted.

I've only to realize who I am, and Who is back of me, and I can face tomorrow or any other day without a timid qualm, or a care in the world!

CHAPTER VIII

ABOUT GROWING OLD

MY senses,—but I'm tired tonight! A pillow surely looks good to me. Can it be that I'm getting old?

Perish the thought! Nevertheless, when I met Katherine Reade today after five years, it was the first thing that came into my mind about *her*. It didn't occur to me that a fact like that works both ways.

Very likely Katherine hates becoming—middleaged, as much as I do, or as any other of our friends do, for that matter. Nobody in her right mind would fail to keep Father Time within speed limits if she could, or be anything but pleased if he broke down altogether.

It is funny what a flying goal this age matter is, anyway.

The minute we are born we begin to get old. (Perhaps . . . the minute we die we begin to get young, . . . who knows? But I mustn't get started on that!)

At the beginning, little children are always in such a hurry to get on,—to go to school,—to “do up” their hair,—to go to an evening party with a boy!

Then, about that time the old age terror begins to creep up. To pass sweet sixteen,—to step out from nineteen into the void,—then the twenties ever pushing nearer and nearer to the formless abyss of thirty years!

After that plunge, a reprieve, with a new lease of life until forty; and from that on, . . . ah, what have any of us to do with half-centuries, anyway? So we think, . . . until we arrive.

Mercy me! I can feel the vapors settling down. Let me out and away,—quick! They mustn’t cut off the escape from all these bug-bears.

You know the truth, *Myself*, ’way down deep somewhere. Aren’t *you* ever troubled, or afraid of losing your youth and strength and good looks?

What’s that you are saying, . . .
“No,—never?” Do you mean it? Go on, go on, then, say some more, and I’ll write it

down. Tell me the remedy for growing old, and what to do to escape it. Please, *now*, begin: . . .

"It's a body's own fault if she grows old. (I think so too; that's true as arithmetic).

"It is what you are within, the way you look at the day's happenings, the conclusions you draw, your likes and dislikes, that determine the matter.

"There's nothing old in the Kingdom of Good. Age can't get in here,—it is the place of Eternal Youth. Haven't you heard the words . . .

'Except you become as a little child, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven?' "

Yes, I have, . . . I remember, and it is all reassuring, . . . makes me feel better; but . . . couldn't you give me something a little more practical and definite? Something to *do* for my mind, you know, corresponding to . . . well, . . . hair-renewing and beauty-massage for my body?

This is frightfully literal, I know; but I don't care much just now, for figurative things. I'm in deadly earnest. Try once more, Esther, do!

"Some wise man, away back in Bible times, wrote a marvellous life-poem, with a vivid picture of Old Age. The climax was in a little clause of four words.

'And Desire shall fail.'

"That's the tragic and final symptom which you must never let in to your 'house of life.'

"You grow old the minute *desire fails*
. . . the day you lose interest in life.

"So, . . . cling to some ambition, have a hobby, love somebody better than yourself, hold ideals which are beautiful to you as sunset or rainbow. As long as you hang on to these, you will stay young.

"And then, there's God: . . ."

The candle is flickering, and the pillow wants me. I can't resist.

But tomorrow night, dear helper of mine, tell me about . . . God.

CHAPTER IX

ABOUT GOD

THERE was a time once when this was the last subject I really wanted to think about.

In those days I pictured God always as some kind of a Solemn Being. Solemn, and remote, and usually disapproving. Whenever He was mentioned, a shadow hung over me, as when a cloud drifts across the face of the sun. It made me uncomfortable.

But God really isn't like that at all. He is the sunshine itself, and bubbling-over happiness, and all the best things of life rolled into one. He is "the sum total of all good."

That means that there isn't a single good thing I can remember or look forward to that is separate from God.

We don't have to understand God to get the good of Him. How comforting that is! We only have to *sense* Him.

Come to think of it, . . . I don't understand a sunset, or the moonlight, or

electricity. I just take them for granted and enjoy them.

"Spirit," "Eternity," . . . I get lost trying to reason about them, and it tires my head to imagine the—Forever.

But there *are* words that stand for wonderful things to me.

"Life," for instance; I mean energy and vitality and health and ability. *Youngness*,—I guess.

Then, "Beauty";—any kind of beauty, in myself and everything else. I am always keen for that.

"Wisdom," too; the knowing how, and the understanding why. Judgment that says and does the right thing, skill to make me adequate to an emergency, a sympathetic tact that shows me how to help in trouble.

Knowledge that I don't have to dig for with my own stupid pickaxe, but which bubbles up from within when I need it. "Wisdom," . . . the thing Solomon asked for and got.

And "Love!" Oh, I want love most of all. I can't get enough of it. Love that cares, and

comprehends, and approves. Love that *wants me*.

Well, . . . I know what you want to say, Myself: . . .

That's what God is. That very kind of love; over me, under me, around me, and taking care of me day and night. And *He is* Life and Beauty, and Wisdom, too. He's the reservoir of all these things, that every little brook and spring starts from. And *He is* the Power-house from which the current enters all the wires of my everyday world.

No, I can't analyze God, any more than the little adoring dog can analyze his master. The dog worships the man, though, just the same. And something rises in me tonight, a feeling, . . .

What were those words which I saw one day on a calendar? . . .

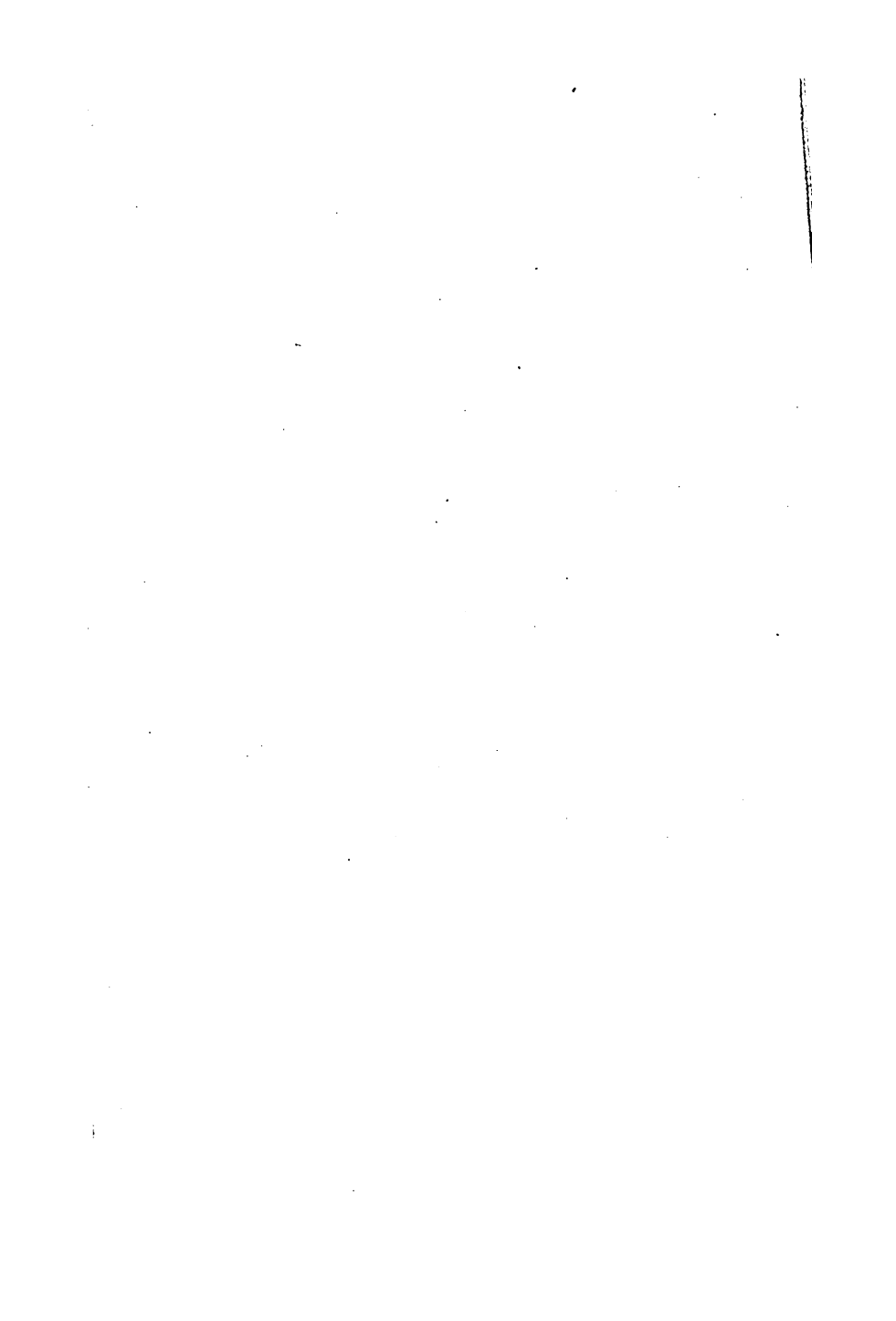
"Thought of the Infinite, the All,—

Lover Divine and Perfect Comrade,—

Be Thou my God!"









JAN 10 1947



